

# Fruit of the Spirit Calendar



Grass Roots Open Writers

2012

# A MESSAGE FROM GROW

*“Whatever is true, whatever is noble, whatever is right, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is admirable — if anything is excellent or praiseworthy - think about such things.” - Philippians 4:8*

**Grass Roots Open Writers** is a very friendly and supportive community writing group.

**We hope you enjoy reading our work and that you'll be inspired to write your own.**

**FOR FURTHER INFORMATION - OR TO SHARE YOUR WRITING WITH US**

**Please visit the GROW website:** [www.grow.btck.co.uk](http://www.grow.btck.co.uk)

**Email:** [grass.roots.open.writers@gmail.com](mailto:grass.roots.open.writers@gmail.com) **or Phone / Text** 07932 231491

or just come along to one of our fun and relaxed workshops.

Creative Writing Workshop

Every Tuesday\*

10.00 - 12.00 Noon

Hastings Children's Library

Skill Sharing Workshop

Every Wednesday\*

10.00 - 13.30

Roosevelt Court Resident's Lounge

Creative Writing Workshop

(for adults on the Autistic Spectrum)

Every Friday\*

14.00 - 16.00

The Roebuck Centre

\*Except during School Holidays

We also organise social events and outings.

# Peace

My kind of peace is to lay on a grassy patch overlooking the deep blue sea. As I look up into the blue sky with puffy white clouds I imagine they form faces, animals and many other shapes. I start to doze, the cool breeze waves against my warm sunned face.

*Jan Humphreys*

One of the times in my life I've known peace was a day in 1940. I was nine years old. Typical of these times, children were dumped on strangers. In my case in a back-of-beyond village of about fifteen houses and two farms.

This particular day, feeling rebellious, I escaped from my foster home and went exploring. It was a beautiful, balmy, English summer day and I found myself in a new-mown hay field.

I started kicking the hay into the air and plaited poppies into my blonde pigtails. Then I nested into the hay. I couldn't help thinking how quiet and peaceful with no air-raids, no whistling bombs, no running for cover no rat-tat of machine guns from planes having a dog-fight.

It was so very quiet, that day I knew the full meaning of the word 'peace.'

*Maggie Palmer*

Peace is one of those abstract matters in life as in love. It's the state of your mind and circumstances that you are in. Being in the right situation can put us in different frames of mind and of course this greatly helps us to find peace of mind.

*Frank Burnham*

# January

| Monday | Tuesday | Wednesday | Thursday | Friday | Saturday | Sunday |
|--------|---------|-----------|----------|--------|----------|--------|
| 30     | 31      |           |          |        |          | 1      |
| 2      | 3       | 4         | 5        | 6      | 7        | 8      |
| 9      | 10      | 11        | 12       | 13     | 14       | 15     |
| 16     | 17      | 18        | 19       | 20     | 21       | 22     |
| 23     | 24      | 25        | 26       | 27     | 28       | 29     |

**Peace in Action**

When nothing outside disturbs my inner self  
 My thoughts, my feelings, my actions  
 Then I am at peace

When there is nothing to disturb my equilibrium  
 no noise, no arguments, no distractions  
 Then I am at peace

When my environment is clean,  
 serene and orderly  
 Then I am at peace

When I do not disturb others  
 or infect them with my worries and problems  
 When I do not disrupt their sense of order  
 Or spoil their environment  
 Then I am peace in action.

*Ashley Jordan*

**Peace Be with You**

Sitting quietly in the park, watching and listening time passing  
 by, it's a peaceful place to be.

When the world stops fighting and brawling, when I hear  
 silence instead of gunfire, I know peace has ascended. A joy  
 will wash over me knowing life is going to be kind and gentle  
 to me.

I find my peace within a page of a novel, where I can escape  
 from voices that pound my ears.

In my time of peace I can be whoever I choose, I can dream of  
 new places, I can fly, I can reach the moon, because when I am  
 free, my peace takes me to new horizons, adventures and  
 secrets of the unknown.

Peace is a place I love to be.

*Sue Rabbett*

**Fulfilment**

White dove of peace  
 Wings outstretched in static pose  
 Inelastic as the royal icing  
 Unnatural, not real; unyielding,  
 To the knife that hovers  
 Held in our bonded hands  
 Above the colourless flowers  
 Starved of earth, in which to grow.  
 Fairytale wedding, too sugary sweet  
 A dream, a hope - for some maybe,  
 But it wasn't what I had longed for.

*I saw sunshine and beaches,  
 With wave washed sands of gold,  
 To match the bands freshly placed,  
 On our tanned fingered hands.*

Instead, the shine is dulled,  
 By the sombre artificial light.  
 I join its plasticity in a smile,  
 Directed at the man who loves me  
 My mouth warms, flushing my cheeks  
 I love him too.  
 Just get through this sideshow  
 Then the white dove will soar  
 On symmetrical wings  
 Its warm breast beating,  
 Soft to the touch.  
 And the flowers will bloom  
 In a blazing colour  
 As the cake yields  
 Revealing its deep rich fruit  
 And the waves break,  
 On golden sand.

*Jan Hedger*

**When will I get peace?**

Peace to me will be when things stop going wrong and I don't just mean peace and quiet. I know it's only little things that have been going wrong and we had peace before things went wrong again. I like it when both the kids are at school. even though I do miss them and I do get to watch my own TV programmes and have no one moaning or saying they want something. Peace will happen for me when my kids end their continuous fighting, usually over silly things. Peace will be when my eldest daughter behaves like a twelve year old and stops behaving like a twelve month old. Peace will be restored when sibling rivalry ends but that will not happen for a very long time, if ever. Peace will happen when my daughter gets some help with her writing and spelling and for teachers to listen to what I've been saying for the past 5 years. Peace will also be restored when animal cruelty ends

*Debbie Feltz*

# Love

|  |  |
|--|--|
| <p><b>Love At First Sight</b></p> <p>Love at first sight is when you feel a cold feeling and a sensation running through your body and your eyes meet for the first time.</p> <p>You seem to stare at each other<br/>When the woman or man is not looking<br/>and then you are thinking<br/>ooh he or she is nice, I fancy him or her</p> <p>Then you end up dating each other<br/>and walking hand in hand with each other<br/>and then you are laughing together.</p> <p><i>Maria Gethin</i></p> | <p>Love is like red, red roses. You have a heart to show that you love someone. If you say, "I love you." to your mum you can't then say, "I don't love you any more." Your heart is red like blood.</p> <p><i>Chloe Feltz</i></p> <hr/> <p>"love, love , love , love?<br/>"What is love?"<br/>"Where do you find love?"</p> <p>Love, love, love there is lots of different types of love, husband love, friend love and most importantly family love !</p> <p><i>Sophie Feltz</i></p> |
| <p><b>Magical Love</b></p> <p>"I love you." The most abused, deceitful, exploited sentence uttered from the human mouth.</p> <p>Nevertheless "I love you" when spoken in truth is magical.</p> <p><i>Maggie Palmer</i></p>   | <p>Love. What is it? There are many kinds. I have certain love feelings for my children and sister. The love for my sister who died was so special. It broke my heart. My first love, my boyfriend who made me lose my identity and changed the rest of my life. I've never found true love since.</p> <p><i>Jan Humphreys</i></p>   |

# February

| Monday | Tuesday | Wednesday | Thursday | Friday | Saturday | Sunday |
|--------|---------|-----------|----------|--------|----------|--------|
|        |         | 1         | 2        | 3      | 4        | 5      |
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**Love is like a bed of roses...** (Just watch out for the pricks!!!)

I sit all alone in my bed with a bar of chocolate in one hand and a mug of coffee in the other as, my once quiet mind, began to run away with my thoughts.

There standing in the corner of the room is the most beautiful man I have ever seen. How did he get there? Where did he come from? He's smiling at me and looking straight at me. I don't know quite what to do with myself, but I do like what I see. A big smile is spreading across my face and I feel a happy glow rumbling about my persona. Am I in the movies or something or did I forget to lock the front door when I came in from my night out with the girls? I think I'm in my own private world. I always did have a wild imagination.

Ohh, the hunk in trunks is moving nearer to me. I haven't moved a muscle. I look around the bed. How did those rose petals get there? They smell sweet and I can't help getting closer to them for a closer sniff. Ahhh, what a beautiful, gentle, soft smell. It makes me feel quite dreamy. My hunk is moving even closer to me and I can smell the scent of his aftershave wafting through the air. Ummmm. This is simply lovely. Let me stay here forever. I think I'm in love.

Oops! I hope my husband isn't nearby. I didn't speak my thoughts out loud did I? Oh, who cares? I lay myself down on the bed and find myself starring into the most beautiful blue eyes I have ever seen. Ouch! what's that? Something sharp is digging in my back. It isn't those rose petals is it? I feel around on the bed and get up quickly. I look behind me and see not only rose petals but the stems as well with all their prickly thorns attached to them. I look up to see my hunk has gone and in his place my husband is sitting next to me holding a dozen red roses.

"I love you darling, sorry about having a go at you today. Will you forgive me?" He said in a soft tender voice.

I took the flowers from him carefully and took in the heavenly scent.

"Of course I forgive you, you daft old thing." I said grinning

My hubby may not be a hunk in trunks, but I know he loves me, as I love him too.

*Debbie Feltz*

**Crescendo of Waves**

His hands; small, compact, yet not feminine often cold, yet to her always gentle and soft moved across the keys in a deft movement of musicality and feeling for the notes portrayed connecting; bringing warmth to his body.

She saw palm trees bowed against the hurricane their chestnut barks as tough as an elephants hide withstanding the onslaught of the wrath; opposite of the fragile hands that were building the music to a crashing crescendo of waves on a battered shore.

He did not fully hear her declaration of intense and unconditional love. Consumed within his own interpretation, he merely shrugged in reply and she knew the moment was lost; as the dying notes faded into the emptiness of the room.

*Jan Hedger*

**True Love**

True love can be a gentle spirit  
That softly brushes away  
The pain of loneliness.  
It gives us time  
And encourages us to try again.

True love can be a powerful force  
That sweeps away  
All doubt and uncertainty  
Gives strength and courage  
And enables us to try again

True love can shout or whisper  
It can be accepted  
Or rejected  
But it can never be defeated  
And will always try again

*Ashley Jordan*

# Joy

How many people remember thalidomide? I will never forget infants born with extremities missing or with too many. After nearly ten years, I became pregnant. Worry is not the word to describe what parents went through at this time. The only time in my life I have felt complete joy was when my daughter and I first made eye contact.

Sitting up in bed with my knees up, this cocoon was placed on my thighs. In trepidation I unwrapped the bundle and the biggest blue eyes in such a tiny face looked back at me. Maria Rose was perfect. I cried looking at this miniature person. She was exquisite with long fingers, her perfect feet with such tiny nails. She took my breath. Maria was without blemish and of course the most beautiful baby ever born. Maria was my reward for waiting all those weeks and years.

I have tried to recall that joyous feeling when meeting my grandchildren for the first time, but something is not the same.

*Maggie Palmer*

Joy is reading a bedtime story to your daughter, to help her go to sleep. Joy is seeing your daughter working out her homework, or needing you to help. Joy is seeing your daughter's politeness shine through. Joy is seeing her eyes light up when we go camping. Joy in her face, cooking, playing cards by torch-light, drinking hot chocolate outside the tent. Joy is seeing her play, smiling, happy in the swimming pool. Joy is watching her pass her swim test so she can swim in the pool alone. Joy is watching her learn new skills. Joy is getting little phone messages to say she loves you and looks forward to staying with you. Joy is seeing her eat all her dinner and joy is seeing her go back to her Mum.

*Nick Crump*

# March

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|--------|---------|-----------|----------|--------|----------|--------|
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|  |  |   |
|--|--|---|
| <p><b>Dawn Chorus</b></p> <p>Earthen morning<br/>Warm blood stirring<br/>Territory proclaiming<br/>In pureness of singing<br/>In step with my walking<br/>One's spirit is lifting<br/>Joyously</p> <p><i>Jan Hedger</i></p>  | <p>Joy to me is to see my tiny granddaughters put their arms out to me and I see the pleasure of their excitement on their beautiful faces.</p> <p>As I go towards them it opens my heart to the extent it wants to burst with the love they send out to me and I reciprocate the same to them with hugs and kisses.</p> <p><i>Jan Humphreys</i></p> | <p>My joy is in the chubby hands<br/>Of this tiny baby boy<br/>Sticky, sweet<br/>And covered in yoghurt<br/>Clutching at my hair, and fingers<br/>Entwined together, connected,<br/>We won't let go</p> <p>My joy is in the dainty toes<br/>Of this tiny baby boy<br/>Prehensile feet that<br/>Pick up, hold and<br/>Transfer things to his mouth<br/>Sturdy little legs that kick<br/>Blankets, socks and shoes off<br/>Faster than I can put them on<br/>Marching forwards as soon<br/>As they make contact<br/>With anything solid.</p> <p>My joy is in the angelic face<br/>Of this tiny baby boy<br/>Dimpled cheeks<br/>Chin wet with dribble<br/>Wide, gummy grin<br/>Just a funny face<br/>Or a raspberry blow<br/>Away from a chuckle<br/>Eyelids slowly drooping<br/>Flushed with sleep<br/>Head snuggled under my chin<br/>Peaceful, cosy and warm<br/>Fine, downy hair<br/>Lips pursed and<br/>A fleeting frown<br/>He's thinking hard, I'm sure</p> |
| <p>Joy – hearing children in the playground<br/>Joy – paddling in the sea, with the sun beating down.<br/>Joy- singing at the top of my voice in the bath.<br/>Joy- rolling around in the grass with my grandchildren.<br/>Joy- remembering my best friend Paula in the summer holidays.<br/>Joy- is the feel of clay moulding in my hands.<br/>Joy- crying at seeing my grandson born.<br/>Joy- I can feel my heart beat.<br/>Joy- breathing fresh air deep into my lungs.<br/>Joy- having faith and believing in myself.<br/>Joy- being alive to greet another miraculous day!</p> <p><i>Sue Rabbett</i></p> |  |   |
| <p>The joy of a new-born puppy who will bring comfort and unconditional love to someone who may be lonely. The home is empty, no-one to greet you when you open the door. But that wag of a tail and a nod of a head saying<br/>“I am glad you have come home.”</p> <p><i>Pauline Faulkner</i></p>   |  |   |
| <p>Jumping gleefully<br/>Over the moon, through the stars<br/>Yearning to be seen</p> <p><i>Mark Crittenden</i></p>  | <p>Colour enhancing<br/>Distant light progressively<br/>Finding ways forward</p> <p><i>Josie Lawson</i></p>  | <p>My joy is in the plumpness<br/>Of this tiny baby boy<br/>That clean-baby fragrance<br/>Powder and lotion<br/>I breathe him in<br/>He fits perfectly around me<br/>I feel a primal urge<br/>To nurture and protect him<br/>A profound contentment<br/>Indescribable, unforgettable<br/>A joy that's tinged with sadness<br/>Because, this too, will pass.</p>   |
| <p><b>Smile Like a Bird</b></p> <p>Smile like the sun, broad, shining<br/>Smile like a jar, opening, happy<br/>Smile like a bird's wings rising</p> <p>'Yoro'</p>  | <p><b>Grace</b></p> <p>The smile in her face<br/>Beamed like grace,<br/>light and rainbow<br/>She knows who she is</p> <p><i>Josie Lawson</i></p>  | <p><i>Ashley Jordan</i></p>   |

# Hope

|  |  |
|--|--|
| <p><b>The Hope of Spring</b></p> <p>Fire smouldered in the belly of spring, erupting from splitting paper-skin bulbs, upwards in shooting green of flame licking colours; seeking the feeding air. Whilst at its heart, it burned with a passionate longing; for another triumphant year!</p> <p><i>Jan Hedger</i></p>   | <p>Healing of the soul<br/>Opening up like a flower<br/>Preparing for the future<br/>Encouraging others to see HOPE!</p> <p><i>Sue Rabbett</i></p>   |
| <p>There are lots of things to hope for.<br/>I hope my girls do well at school.<br/>I hope we, as a family, keep fit and well.<br/>I hope our neighbour can keep her nose out of our business.<br/>I hope to get a new kitchen one day.<br/>I hope I can go out with my friend for coffee tomorrow.<br/>I hope my friends move goes well.<br/>I hope that her family have no catastrophes along the way.<br/>I have many more things to hope for, but I think I'll end it here.<br/>Thank you and good night.</p> <p><i>Debbie Feltz</i></p> | <p>Laying back, wishing<br/>and hoping never<br/>achieved closure<br/>to a project.</p> <p>'Hope' was contrived<br/>for those who live on<br/>Cloud Cuckoo Land.</p> <p><i>Maggie Palmer</i></p> |
| <p>I know a girl my daughters age called Hope. I think she got her name because she has 3 older brothers and when her mum was pregnant with her she was hoping for a girl and in the end she got one. And that's how I think she got her name. - <i>Debbie Feltz</i></p>   |  |

# April

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|--------|---------|-----------|----------|--------|----------|--------|
| 30     |         |           |          |        |          | 1      |
| 2      | 3       | 4         | 5        | 6      | 7        | 8      |
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### When Hope was Born

Hope was born into an African dawn  
New life breathed, a future bequeathed,  
First plaintive cries, under African skies  
When Hope was born.

Hope was born into an African dawn  
Nurtured from seed, she sought to feed  
First suckle of breast, under African behest  
When Hope was born.

Hope was born into an African dawn  
To a rising sun, thy glory will be done  
First voice heard, under African word  
When Hope was born.

*Jan Hedger*

Hope is something to hold onto,  
when life's troubles seem too much a  
and we feel stretched and torn  
with no way to turn.

You have to search and look within yourself.  
Look beyond the flesh and feel inside your heart  
where your emotions and thoughts  
connect to your mind.

All is not lost as perhaps you might think,  
because HOPE is there waiting for you.  
A new door will open as the old one closes,  
giving you hope to move forward in silent steps  
to a place of peace.

*Sue Rabbett*

### Time

Time stands still when I'm thinking,  
Thinking about the fear that awaits me?  
It's strange how I see so many paths  
criss-crossed in my mind.  
Like stars in a dark turbulent night,  
I'm lost in a world of unknown secrets.  
Longing to escape to another place,  
Waiting, standing silently,  
plagued by my thoughts,  
Where hope doesn't exist,  
Where voices don't visit,  
A stone gate remains locked forever.

*Sue Rabbett*

Christen your child  
Christian, surname, or otherwise  
Stick with this ideal  
For there you might know me

Visit the cinema  
Or lounge in front of the T.V.  
Be it terrestrial, satellite, or DVD  
For there you might watch me

Go to a concert  
Listen to the radio  
Buy a CD or download a tune  
For there you might hear me

Take a cultural stance  
Visit an art gallery  
George Watts or Gustav Klimt  
For there you might appreciate me

Take a seat of learning  
Master computer programming  
In the land of the Mersey Beat  
For there you might gain knowledge from me

Take a trip to the U.S.A.  
Or the far flung reaches  
Of Wales or the Derbyshire Peak District  
For there you might find me

Take a trip back in time  
Delve deep into our Royal Naval history  
Discover the warships  
For there you might salute me

But above all else  
Aspire to your ambitions  
In a positive light  
For there you will know my name is Hope.

*Mark Crittenden*

Look there, behold a lovely girl  
I hope she will come over here  
Maybe we will twirl and whirl  
And hold each other oh so near  
Gliding gracefully on the pier  
My beloved sweetheart and me  
Shall dance forever without a tear  
Two become one, from me to we

*Antony May*

# Faith

|   |  |   |
|---|--|---|
| <p>When I jump I will land safely<br/>         When in love I shall be loved<br/>         Nothing will ever happen to me<br/>         Unless ordained from up above</p> <p>My actions are always noble<br/>         My intentions ever pure<br/>         All I say is relevant<br/>         And when I shoot I score</p> <p>Faith is my protector<br/>         Faith is my relief<br/>         That life shall make me happy<br/>         I know I can believe</p> <p><i>Antony May</i></p> | <p>Feeling of absolute certainty<br/>         Abolishment of any doubt<br/>         In word, thought and action<br/>         Trusting in a higher power<br/>         Heaven's way on earth</p> <p><i>Ashley Jordan</i></p> | <p>To have faith is reciprocal trust<br/>         and the sharing of bountiful love.</p> <p>Without it; we're lost in the mist<br/>         just souls whose lives are unjust.</p> <p>Faith brings a peace and<br/>         tranquillity that is almost<br/>         tangible, yet cannot be caught in<br/>         a passing net, sweeping the<br/>         meadows or trawling the seas;<br/>         but by opening up one's heart,<br/>         eyes and ears to the Word of God,<br/>         faith will be captured and held<br/>         within.</p> <p>Reciprocal trust is to have faith<br/>         and the sharing of bountiful love.</p> <p><i>Jan Hedger</i></p> |
| <p>Have faith in life or in God - <i>Maria Gethin</i></p>   |  |   |
| <p>Faith comforts us in times of sorrow and gently reminds us that no<br/>         one we remember is ever truly lost. The people we miss are never far<br/>         away and we can look forward to seeing them again.</p> <p><i>Ashley Jordan</i></p>   |  | <p>Rainbows slowly fade<br/>         Seeking refraction's treasure<br/>         Keeping God's promise</p> <p><i>Ryan Liffen</i></p>   |

# May

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|--------|---------|-----------|----------|--------|----------|--------|
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### Leaving the Nest

Have faith little fledgling  
For thy Father gave thee wings  
that will lift you as you fall  
light as a feather you will fly.

Have faith little fledgling  
For thy father gave thee a voice  
of the sweetest note that  
will sing amidst the treetops.

Have faith little fledgling  
For thy father will provide the  
means to find food and shelter  
when the stark winter comes.

Have faith little fledgling  
In thy parents urging you on  
with each quivering feather  
for they trust thy Father implicitly.

*Jan Hedger*

### Faith

Faith connects you to knowledge and love.  
Faith is something that we all have and need.  
Faith is believing in the impossible.  
Faith is facing your difficulties however insurmountable,  
remember spiritual resources are there  
even if you can't see them.  
Faith is when a tiny child leaps into the water for the first time  
knowing they will be caught.  
Your Faith is like a muscle- it grows with exercise,  
gaining strength over time.

*Sue Rabbett*

Fear not as loyalty is  
Attributed in the belief of trustfulness  
In which an individual  
Tries to be  
Honourable.

*Mark Crittenden*

### A Time to Love

A time to love; when bluebells bow their heads in prayer in the solemnity of the woodland and crumpled tissues of the white flowering azalea sits softly on the tree – when primroses dot the hedgerows and the cherry blossom falls, and the cuckoo echoes the swallows return.

For is not spring a time to love?

A time to love; when poppies grace the amber crop as red sentinels of quietude and the English Tea rose unfurls her layered skirt – when jasmine releases scent in the evening air and cowslips charm the cooling water's edge, and butterflies dance to the skylarks song.

For is not summer a time to love?

A time to love; when blackberries sit plump amongst their crown of thorns and rosy apples hang sweetly within the orchards swelling trees – when sycamore seeds twirl to the leaf littered floor and the hawthorn is dotted bright with red, and squirrels scurry to the geese formation

For is not autumn a time to love?

A time to love; when mistletoe is blessed with pearls of dew-drops for Christmas kisses and berries cluster the holly bushes of deepest green – when snowdrops are an innocent white and beech hedges are tarnished with copper, and the red-wings flock to the starlings display.

For is not winter a time to love?

For as the seasons are a continuing cycle – so a time to love; is without beginning or end.

*Jan Hedger*

God who created me, nimble and light of limb, in three elements free, to run, to ride, to swim  
not when the sense is dim, but now from the heart of joy, I would remember him, take the thanks of a boy

*Theresa Taylor*

# Kindness

Mixture of madness  
 As is the thought of others  
 Remarking at my actions  
 Kindness is not the issue

Criticism comes at the forefront  
 Reverberating through my conscious  
 In disrespect for feelings  
 That are thoughtless  
 Through unpitying eyes  
 Ending the day on an all time low  
 Not how I would have expected it  
 Don't despair though  
 Every new day dawns a humble beginning  
 Now out to face an uncaring world again.

*Mark Crittenden*

When I think of giving  
 I think of you  
 Each time I make a difference  
 It was you who inspired my actions

For every smile I receive in return  
 I am thankful to you  
 And whenever the world feels a safer place  
 I am grateful to you

Thoughts are most successful when they are for others  
 That is what you have taught me  
 And this heart is full of love for you  
 Now I have fallen and you have caught me

*Antony May*

I'd like to see myself as a kind person. If someone asks me for a favour I'll do everything I can to help out. I run a taxi service for my children and make sure everyone gets home safe and sound. It would be nice if some of the friends actually noticed me and said thank you for the lift. Or even a thank you for any food and drink they've had or I've cooked for them. I do get angry with some for not having any manners. All it takes is respect and kindness in return.

*Debbie Feltz*

# June

| Monday | Tuesday | Wednesday | Thursday | Friday | Saturday | Sunday |
|--------|---------|-----------|----------|--------|----------|--------|
|        |         |           |          | 1      | 2        | 3      |
| 4      | 5       | 6         | 7        | 8      | 9        | 10     |
| 11     | 12      | 13        | 14       | 15     | 16       | 17     |
| 18     | 19      | 20        | 21       | 22     | 23       | 24     |
| 25     | 26      | 27        | 28       | 29     | 30       |        |

|  |   |
|--|---|
| <p><b>Chance Encounter</b></p> <p>Treat me kindly sir<br/> For I'm only passing through<br/> Lay down your rifle<br/> Don't aim straight and true<br/> I'm sorry if I surprised you<br/> With stealth and silent paws<br/> But lay down your rifle sir<br/> For I'm only passing through.</p> <p>Treat me kindly sir<br/> A creature of God's earth<br/> Lay down your rifle<br/> Do not betray your birth<br/> Co-existing in our worth<br/> Let's respect our right to live<br/> So lay down your rifle sir<br/> A creature of God's earth.</p> <p><i>Jan Hedger</i></p> | <p>For kindness you have to be kind to people.<br/> You have to be kind to your friends and your mum.</p> <p><i>Chloe Feltz</i></p>   |
| <p>All my life I have tried to be kind.<br/> I worked hard. I have to mix with<br/> all kinds of people who have not<br/> always been kind but, being a<br/> Christian, one has to show<br/> kindness.</p> <p><i>Marion Alleyne</i></p>  | <p>An act of kindness can change somebody's day.<br/> Kindness is putting other's before yourself.<br/> A compliment without thinking is kindness itself.</p> <p><i>Sue Rabbett</i></p> <p><b>Subdued by Sympathy</b></p> <p>Subdued by Sympathy, soft, stroking<br/> Many hands on my shoulder<br/> Kind, gentle<br/> Drowned by sympathy<br/> Like a warm, heavy blanket<br/> If only I could stand up<br/> Independent and proud</p> <p>'Yoro'</p>   |
| <p>Being kind to oneself can bring on<br/> a comforting feeling inside oneself<br/> because the option of being kind<br/> to oneself is an easy option.</p> <p>'lh'</p>  | <p>My heart sank. My beautiful and best companion Merlin, a very<br/> handsome greyhound, took flight, frightened out of his life by the<br/> sting of a wasp.</p> <p>After weeks of gaining his confidence not to be scared by the terrible<br/> things that had happened to him during his short life in Spain.</p> <p>I am so reliant on his love helping me to cope with the loneliness I<br/> feel, I could not imagine my life without him now.</p> <p>Where do you start looking? Calling Merlin. Merlin, stopping,<br/> asking people have you seen a greyhound?</p> <p>I was just about to give up and go home when a kindly voice called<br/> out to me</p> |
| <p>Kindness is when you help<br/> someone like helping and elderly<br/> lady to cross the road or with their<br/> shopping and helping people.</p> <p><i>Maria Gethin</i></p>  | <p>"Have you lost a dog?"<br/> "Yes, yes" I replied.<br/> "He has been found and he is on his way home."</p> <p>My legs didn't seem to move quick enough and it seemed ages before<br/> I arrived home.</p>   |
| <p>Who knows where a random act<br/> of kindness will lead. Sometimes<br/> it brings a new friendship and<br/> sometimes it rekindles an old one.</p> <p><i>Ashley Jordan</i></p>  | <p>There he was, safe and sound. When I looked up I could not believe<br/> my eyes. It was my neighbour who had found him.</p> <p>I could not thank her enough for her kindness and we both shed tears<br/> of relief and joy.</p> <p><i>Pauline Faulkner</i></p>   |

# Trust

|   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>This is something that is earned<br/>Respective of who you are<br/>Under no circumstances<br/>Should you take someone<br/>That you do not know at face value.</p> <p><i>Mark Crittenden</i></p>                                  | <p>Trust is something that must be earned<br/>Experience gained, lessons learned<br/>Trust is something that can be broken<br/>Through promises made, false words spoken<br/>When trust is lost it takes time to regain<br/>Day by day, grain by grain<br/>You sometimes question who you can really trust<br/>When people let you down it feels so unjust<br/>When trust is restored it is such a good feeling<br/>But when it is lost it leaves you just reeling</p> <p><i>Liz Jury</i></p> |
| <p>When life's road is rocky and troublesome,<br/>And you feel overwhelmed and lost.<br/>Look deep within your soul,<br/>And search for some trust.<br/>Trust in yourself, believe and you will find.</p> <p><i>Sue Rabbett</i></p> | <p><b>Innocent as Bubbles</b></p> <p>Playful, happy, light<br/>Remember when I was<br/>Unweighed down by cynicism<br/>Blew them in the garden<br/>When life was fun<br/>Innocent as bubbles in the sun</p> <p><i>'Yoro'</i></p>   |
| <p>Treasure every precious confidence<br/>Rely and be relied upon<br/>Utter nothing but the utter truth<br/>Spoken in love and with kindness<br/>Take nothing that does not belong to you.</p> <p><i>Ashley Jordan</i></p>          | <p>I don't like it when people break their promises. - <i>Simon</i></p>   |

# July

| Monday | Tuesday | Wednesday | Thursday | Friday | Saturday |    |
|--------|---------|-----------|----------|--------|----------|----|
| 30     | 31      |           |          |        |          |    |
| 2      | 3       | 4         | 5        | 6      | 7        | 8  |
| 9      | 10      | 11        | 12       | 13     | 14       | 15 |
| 16     | 17      | 18        | 19       | 20     | 21       | 22 |
| 23     | 24      | 25        | 26       | 27     | 28       | 29 |

I've known you for a few years now and we've become firm friends. You've shared a lot of your troubles with me. I've always done my best to listen and I will never ever judge you. I guess I've gained your trust in me just for me being who I am. You've trusted me with looking after your kids when you've had to go somewhere. They are valuable to you and you trust me to care for them as I do my own. If I ever have a problem I know I can always phone you up and you'll do your best to advise me. I trust you too. Thank you for being my friend.

*Debbie Feltz*

### **Her Wedding**

On the eve of her wedding,  
 she reflected,  
 but did not step back  
 On the morn of her wedding;  
 she knew who she truly was  
 At the time of her wedding,  
 she walked forward, and  
 Placed her trust in his love.

*Jan Hedger*

My bottle holds a message of peace, calm and relaxation. It soothes me to sleep, clears my head, relieves my fears and eases my anxiety. It speaks soft, gentle words of comfort and reassurance. When I first pick up my bottle it feels very hard and cold, but as I hold it in my hand it softens, reflecting my own warmth back to me.

The message in my bottle is a reminder. It reminds me to be gentle with myself, to take things easy. It tells me to let go and trust. To just wait and see. It is my talisman. While it is with me, I am protected, safe. When my skin is stretched thin over seething emotions I can no longer contain, it tells me all I have to do is breathe and I find that I have expanded, not exploded.

*Ashley Jordan*

### **This Time**

It's often prayed 'this time, this time'  
 I have found the one, my soul mate  
 He spoke marriage on our first date  
 Is he just handing me a line  
 He says he loves me, please be mine  
 It is said oh so sincerely  
 With practise 'love words' sound truly  
 Is he being frank and earnest  
 I need this man to be honest  
 Will he throw me away, this time

*Maggie Crouch*

### **Sweet as Nectar**

Take my hand, my beautiful daughter  
 Run with me through the meadow  
 Under the sun, the clouds and sky  
 See the butterflies dance in delight  
 Trusting the flowers to bloom and provide

*Jan Hedger*

Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not unto your own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him and he will direct your path.

*Marion Alleyne*

Children have trust in everyone as they are so young and naïve. They do not realise how the future can be so nasty and deceptive. Others could destroy their tiny, precious lives.

*Jan Humphreys*

Occasionally I trust people but I also have mistrust in my heart, because of past experiences. Elusive vibes from people can cause me to trust or mistrust them. Trust is very important. It is the hallmark of cohesiveness for society.

*'Ih'*

Trust is when you tell someone a secret or something you don't want anybody to know and they keep it to themselves. - *Maria Gethin*

# Friendship

There is nothing in this world quite like a good friend  
 When you are missing something they are there to lend  
 If everything is falling apart they are there to amend  
 When you're not feeling well, best wishes they send.  
 If you're threatened or in danger they will always defend  
 Whenever things are broken they help to mend  
 They are loyal people on which you can depend  
 Even though they may sometimes drive you round the bend  
 A good friend will stand by you to the end  
 There is nothing in this world quite like a good friend

*Liz Jury*

My best friend is Bill. He is the same age as me. We are both 22. I've known him for 9 years, ever since I moved to Hastings in September 2002. A lot has happened since then. Bill and I drink together. We watch football on TV. I support Arsenal and so does Bill.

We used to play fight together. It was always choreographed and we used to tell each other what was going to happen. When we were 13 or 14 we used to go to the Community Centre together. We used to do football and drum & base. We went every Wednesday from 7.30 to 9.30pm. That club doesn't run any more because of David Cameron's government cuts.

*Marc Everest*

Friendship means...  
 Instant connection,  
 saying the same words  
 at the same time  
 and a ray of understanding  
 between two people.

It also means:

"I need somebody  
 to take care of my cat."  
 "Sure he can stay."

I am not too good at that,  
 but I am learning.

It also means  
 we know each other  
 for very long time.

We connected long time ago.

Today nothing  
 can break these ties -  
 only an ultimate breaker.

It also means  
 a little, shy smile:  
 "Good morning",  
 when we offer a new one.

*Marie Neumann*

# August

| Monday | Tuesday | Wednesday | Thursday | Friday | Saturday | Sunday |
|--------|---------|-----------|----------|--------|----------|--------|
|        |         | 1         | 2        | 3      | 4        | 5      |
| 6      | 7       | 8         | 9        | 10     | 11       | 12     |
| 13     | 14      | 15        | 16       | 17     | 18       | 19     |
| 20     | 21      | 22        | 23       | 24     | 25       | 26     |
| 27     | 28      | 29        | 30       | 31     |          |        |

Who'd have thought that all those years ago we'd still be best friends today. We met at Primary school and we were inseparable. We stood up for each other and backed each other up whenever the going got tough. Of course, we did have other friends as well, but we were always together.

When we went to secondary school we had a massive falling out. It was looking grim as neither of us wanted to make up EVER!!! Then our mums, who were friends, made us meet up and talk. We managed to sort out everything and got back on track again. In fact, we were stronger than ever. Every Saturday we'd go out somewhere together. We were always round each others houses. We shared everything no matter what it was about.

When we left school and took up our chosen career paths we weren't at the same college, but communication between us never died as we had our mobiles and face-book. We'd go on double dates with our boyfriends sometimes too. We always comforted each other in times of sadness too. We were bridesmaids at each others weddings. When we got pregnant we shared our pains and worries. Our babies will grow up together and hopefully be strong friends just like us. I had a girl, she had a boy. Who knows what the future holds for any of us. I guess we'll just have to watch this space.....

*Debbie Feltz*

Fun and laughter  
Reflecting memories  
Important bonds  
Encouraging one another  
Never give up  
Diamonds  
Shadows playing  
Holding together  
Interesting times  
Pals for life!

*Sue Rabbett*

Family of my choosing  
Rally to my aid  
In moments of crisis  
Even when disaster strikes, I  
Neither fear nor  
Doubt that they will come  
Saving me from  
Hardship and  
Inconvenience. I am  
Protected by my circle of friends

*Ashley Jordan*

Friendship is not something you should take for granted. In fact you should be very lucky to experience such a thing! Friendship with a friend, give or take, you will experience the good things and the bad things. Someone to cry on their shoulder. Someone who will understand you. But most important of all, someone who will always be there for you!

*Sophie Feltz*

Our Albert likes a drink with the lads  
At the local on top of the clough  
Been darn pit, feeling rough  
Our Albert likes a drink with the lads  
In ragged clothing, not the fads  
To drown away life that's tough  
Our Albert likes a drink with the lads  
At the local on top of the clough

*Mark Crittenden*

Friendship is when your friends are hanging around with you no matter what has happened, and will always be there for you. Your friends will always come out to play together. Friends will never leave you out of their games. Your friends will never say "No!" to you joining in a game. Friends will always look out for you and after you if you are hurt. Friends will always like you and laugh at you when you tell a funny joke. Friends will never hurt you on purpose.

*Chloe Feltz*

Over the years I've made many friends. I have friends that have shared my life's experiences, through the good times and the bad, ready to lift my spirits when I'm feeling sad. Friends welcome you at any time of the day or the night, to give you a hug or hold you tight. True friends help work out your woes; they defend you from your enemies and foes. Friends give willingly and expect nothing back; they give you love and lots of respect.

*Sue Rabbett*

# Patience

To wait, without getting irritated, is a virtue, they say. For me the art of patience lies in busyness - doing something else in the meantime, knowing that everything due to me will come, when the time is right.

The key to being patient is not how well you wait, it is what you do while you wait. Always have something else to do. Take advantage of those precious and unexpected minutes, hours or days.

Everyone experiences delays in life. A cancelled train, a long queue, a traffic jam, slow service in a restaurant, a broken cash-point, a closed shop or a tardy friend.

If you tend to react to these things with anger, try responding to them in a creative way instead. Sing a song or make up a poem, send a thoughtful text message or check your diary to see what you have planned for the next few days.

List all the things you want to do and when you find yourself killing time, do something from your list.

Time, when well-used, flies by!

*Ashley Jordan*

"For goodness sake have patience" How many times a day do I say this? To my children when they are jumping up and down wanting something yesterday and to myself standing in a queue at the bank, or waiting to be served in a shop, or waiting for a bus.

Patience is a virtue not many people have these days, busy rushing this way and that as if there's no time in a day to stop and breathe and listen and really see.

*Su Butchers*

People tend to lack this quality  
Always rushing from one place to the next  
There's always time, no need to rush  
In a minute  
Everyone should slow down, take the time  
Never having time for anyone else  
Calm down  
Eventually you will get there

*Liz Jury*

# September

| Monday | Tuesday | Wednesday | Thursday | Friday | Saturday | Sunday |
|--------|---------|-----------|----------|--------|----------|--------|
|        |         |           |          |        | 1        | 2      |
| 3      | 4       | 5         | 6        | 7      | 8        | 9      |
| 10     | 11      | 12        | 13       | 14     | 15       | 16     |
| 17     | 18      | 19        | 20       | 21     | 22       | 23     |
| 24     | 25      | 26        | 27       | 28     | 29       | 30     |

|   |  |
|---|--|
| <p><b>Lost in Prayer</b></p> <p>Patience is waiting twenty years for a prayer to be answered. Every day that you pray and ask, you are handing your worries and burdens to Him. It's not only our requests He has to answer but the whole of the world.</p> <p>Can you imagine how much love HE must have, to care about each and every one of us?</p> <p>What a mighty God He is, we must trust in Him, have faith and hope and most of all patience, because God knows our prayers will be answered when the time is right. It maybe not the answer we are waiting for, but HE knows what is best for us because HE loves us so much.</p> <p><i>Sue Rabbett</i></p> | <p>It's early in the morning and I get woken up by the cat meowing because he wants to go out. I'm not ready to get out of bed yet but he keeps on at me. Does he have no patience at all?</p> <p>"OK, OK" I grumble at him as I stumble out of bed. It's all quiet as everyone else is still asleep. I go back to bed. After a few hours everyone else begins to stir.</p> <p>"Mum, I want some breakfast." Shouts my eldest daughter.</p> <p>"Help yourself" I moan back. Then 15mins later.</p> <p>"Mum is my hair straight, are the ends all flicky?"</p> <p>"No" I say and carry on with my own business. 5 mins later...</p> <p>"Tell me the truth,are my ends flicky?"</p> <p>"No" I say again and off she stomps back to straightening her hair. Then she's back in my room with her mirror in her hand.</p> <p>"Does my hair look flicky and don't lie?" She demands. I'm beginning to loose patience here. ahhh! Her and her flaming hair.</p> <p>"No." I say, getting louder than the times before. Every day it's the same thing My patience is wearing very thin. 10 mins pass and she's back again with the same old question. I think she sees things no one else does and it's driving me insane. I'm running out of PATIENCE!!! HELP ME!!! Someone rescue me please.</p> <p><i>Debbie Feltz</i></p> |
| <p>Persevere<br/>At the<br/>Thought of the<br/>Insolence<br/>Endured in the<br/>Non-conformity of<br/>Cumbersome<br/>Everyday individuals.</p> <p><i>Mark Crittenden</i></p>  | <p>I wait and wait at the bus stop. I feel as if I've been here for hours, but in reality, it's only been 10mins. I'm getting really cold. I guess I'm too used to just getting in the car and going on my way, but not today.</p> <p>Here I am waiting among a few other people who look just as bored as I feel. I can see why they get so fed up standing around. How do they have the patience to do this day in, day out? I don't think I could, as I would probably lose my mind.</p>  |
| <p>Patience is tested in many forms. You must be in a good place, helpful to others who need your help and understanding as life can be very hard for some.</p> <p>It can get to a painful time when you are looking and caring for others in a difficult position, especially people with mental health issues and special needs.</p> <p><i>Jan Humphreys</i></p>  | <p>Then, from around the corner, I see the bus. As it pulls into the bus stop, suddenly all these people make a dash to where the doors are about to open.</p> <p>They push their way to the front of the queue, really annoying those of us who have waited patiently. What makes them better than everyone else? Maybe they think they are the only ones wanting to get on.</p> <p>The bus is already quite crowded. I hope I can get on. Eventually I pay my fare and find I have to stand. I can see some of those who pushed in, sitting smugly, chatting on seats. Aahh! It makes me want to scream.</p>   |
| <p>Patience is waiting for something like in a queue, a shop, a bank or a bus.</p> <p><i>Maria Gethin</i></p>   | <p>With everyone now on board the doors close and off we go. I'm glad I don't have to do this all the time, otherwise I'd have no patience left.</p> <p><i>Debbie Feltz</i></p>  |

# Wisdom

|   |  |   |
|---|--|---|
| <p>Wisdom &amp; knowledge<br/>Ideals of knowledge<br/>Simple knowledge<br/>Direct knowledge, innocent<br/>Over and out, to what knowing<br/>Memory, knowledge and ideas</p> <p><i>Sue Horncastle</i></p>  | <p>Willing to gain<br/>Insight into the<br/>Sagaciousness<br/>Deemed<br/>Only within a<br/>Marginal perception of knowledge.</p> <p><i>Mark Crittenden</i></p> | <p><b>Asking the Question</b></p> <p>What is wisdom?<br/>Are we born with it?<br/>Show it and you're a child<br/>Wise before your years,<br/>The old wives say.<br/>Can it be taught?<br/>With white chalk on black<br/>Or the modern equivalent<br/>Of Power-Point and screen.<br/>Can it soak in?<br/>From words of generations<br/>Passed from age to age<br/>Down the line.<br/>Do we just acquire it?<br/>As the years pass<br/>And our lives are lived<br/>By the paths we walk.<br/>As the end is in the beginning<br/>We return to; what is wisdom?<br/>Maybe the answer is in the<br/>question.</p> <p><i>Jan Hedger</i></p> |
| <p>Pearls of wisdom can only be found when you allow yourself to dig down into the murky water which your pain surrounds.</p> <p>To take hold of it, to own it, to put courage over fear and in doing so you'll find that healing can be near.</p> <p>Truth emerges like a pearl of the greatest price when you embrace it in body, heart and mind.</p> <p>Wisdom brings peace where only pain once swirled<br/>Where words of anguish &amp; pain used to be hurled</p> <p>As you walk the path of life, embracing all the lessons that it brings<br/>String them all together and to others life tested wisdom bring.</p> <p><i>Mandy Soan</i></p> |  |   |

# October

| Monday | Tuesday | Wednesday | Thursday | Friday | Saturday | Sunday |
|--------|---------|-----------|----------|--------|----------|--------|
| 1      | 2       | 3         | 4        | 5      | 6        | 7      |
| 8      | 9       | 10        | 11       | 12     | 13       | 14     |
| 15     | 16      | 17        | 18       | 19     | 20       | 21     |
| 22     | 23      | 24        | 25       | 26     | 27       | 28     |
| 29     | 30      | 31        |          |        |          |        |

Calming down with the knowledge that's been gained.  
Going along calmly  
Doing things that I've done in the past,  
but with improvements.  
It hasn't been possible to improve things until later on.  
Ability to take charge of a job  
One that is responsible for getting people  
together with the job

*Andrew Jeremiah*

Let me try to think of some wisdom to share with you. I once had a wisdom tooth taken out a long time ago, but where's the wisdom in a tooth? It doesn't know anything. If it was so wise it wouldn't have caused so much trouble in my mouth and then found itself removed off the premises. What else can I share? I have taught my kids how to bake most things, from bread to cakes. yum yum. If anyone actually listens to me with some things, I may surprise you that I know what I'm talking about. I guess that will do for now.

*Debbie Feltz*

### **Turn a Deaf Ear**

Sometimes better to ignore  
Wiser to turn the other way  
Pretend you don't hear, listen elsewhere  
Turn a deaf ear

*'Yoro'*

### **Forever A Journey**

Wisdom comes from a life time of experiences, it is knowing when to be there for someone who doesn't yet know that they need someone there.

Wisdom is in knowing when to and when not to do things, which can affect the lives of others.

Wisdom always knows when to speak and when to stay silent.

Wisdom is something we learn from our elders.

Wisdom will enlighten you, and move you forward.

Wisdom is being gentle and compassionate, and comes through growth and age.

*Sue Rabbett*

The wisest course of action is the one that does the least harm for the greatest good.

To feel good about yourself, do something nice for someone else. Do what you can, with what you have, and do it now.

The highest truth always prevails - you don't need to shout! Speak it quietly and move on. There's no point in being entrenched in your own rightness, if you are going to be stuck there on your own.

The past is gone. Accept it and learn from it but do not dwell in it. The future is uncertain. It holds more blessings and challenges than you can possibly imagine. Don't worry or fear it. The blessings will carry you through the challenges and that is all you need to know. This moment is the only one you can work with. It is precious. You can never get it back, so enjoy it while it lasts.

There will always be some people ahead of you and some people behind you. They each have their own missions and agendas. Your paths may cross sometimes, but your journey is uniquely your own. Do not try to follow - or lead - them. It will only distract and delay you.

Each person that you meet has something to teach you and something to learn from you. Pay attention and they will show you what you need to learn.

You are teaching all the time. Your deeds, your words, your inaction and your silence are the lessons you have to share with others. You are already being the example you are setting, so make sure it is a good one.

Be yourself, listen well and speak your truth.

Don't rush and don't waste a single moment. Time is the most precious commodity we have, so spend it wisely.

Life is a relay race that everyone finishes in the end. Take what is given to you, run with it as far as you can and then pass it on to someone else.

*Ashley Jordan*

# Gratitude

|  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>A simple thank you<br/>Is all it takes.<br/>Boosted by a smile<br/>Explodes the thank you<br/>Into a billion stars<br/>Of generosity.</p> <p><i>Jan Hedger</i></p>  | <p>There are lots of things to be grateful for that, maybe we take for granted.</p> <p>Before I had my girls, my friends and I always used to talk about having kids. We were often sounding quite desperate at times.</p> <p>Then experience the happiness when they come along one by one, safe and well.</p> <p>Now growing up they have their moments when they drive me crazy and I wish they'd go away and leave me alone.</p>   |
| <p><b>Responsibility</b></p> <p>For all that I am<br/>About to receive<br/>May I be truly thankful.</p> <p>May I always remember<br/>This is the harvest of<br/>Seeds I have sown<br/>I always have a choice<br/>And I alone am<br/>Responsible for the<br/>Choices that<br/>I make.</p> <p><i>Ashley Jordan</i></p> | <p>But.....When I watch T.V programmes and see children born with health problems with the worry and sadness it brings to their families and what they have to go through.</p> <p>I should really appreciate the fact that my girls are healthy and thank them for being them. It doesn't often go that way though.</p> <p><i>Debbie Feltz</i></p> <hr/> <p>“To receive a heart-felt thank you is the greatest gift of all. It makes you feel that your efforts are truly appreciated and that you have really made a difference.”</p> <p><i>Jan Humphreys</i></p> |

# November

| Monday | Tuesday | Wednesday | Thursday | Friday | Saturday | Sunday |
|--------|---------|-----------|----------|--------|----------|--------|
|        |         |           | 1        | 2      | 3        | 4      |
| 5      | 6       | 7         | 8        | 9      | 10       | 11     |
| 12     | 13      | 14        | 15       | 16     | 17       | 18     |
| 19     | 20      | 21        | 22       | 23     | 24       | 25     |
| 26     | 27      | 28        | 29       | 30     |          |        |

### A Precious Gift

New life, little heart  
Big love, to impart  
Tiny fingers, tiny toes  
Rosy cheeks, button nose  
A newborns cry  
A whispered sigh,  
Of contentment

A joy to behold  
More precious than gold  
Rewarding, fulfilling  
Many hands all-willing  
To hold to cuddle  
All in a huddle,  
Of admiration

A Mothers joy, a Fathers pride  
A wee soul a life to guide  
First steps, first word  
Endless questions to be heard  
Oh such happy times  
Of softly sang lullabies,  
And nursery rhymes

Be thankful  
As you sweetly sing  
For the gift of a child  
Is a wondrous thing

*Jan Hedger*

### A Miracle

I wonder how it went before  
The Internet arrived with us  
I am so far from homeland shore  
My friends I'd lose in days of yore  
To Writers' Groups I still belong  
Without the meetings to attend  
I know Ashley will read ere long  
And that my words won't come out wrong!

A miracle it is to know  
That with my friends I join each week  
My limited talents to show  
My compositions row by row  
Thank you so much, Microsoft  
To give the chance to write each week  
Thoughts which cross my mind at times oft  
And keep my spirits well aloft

*Henry Dallimore*

Gratefulness is  
Reinforced through the  
Appreciation and  
Thanks  
Initiated by  
Those  
Undertaking the  
Daily life which we  
Endure.

*Mark Crittenden*

Gratitude is when someone does something for the person or the person has done something nice.

*Maria Gethin*

An attitude of gratitude will carry you through  
All the mundane tasks you know you have to do  
You can be selective of your own perspective  
For appreciation is always elective  
Replace resentment with a true contentment  
Make thankfulness your habitual sentiment  
Re-live happy times, when things are getting tough  
Love what you have, and you'll always have enough.

*Ashley Jordan*

How do you show your gratitude to someone who has given so much.

No gift can be enough, money cannot buy such devotion.

All you can do is be there for them, should they be in need.

*Pauline Faulkner*

Gratitude is all about being grateful, appreciating things, lots of things in life. Loving things.

So many things to be grateful for: the sun, countryside rambles, children in school, learning so much, a beautiful home, walking, friends, getting the bus, going to the gym and the shops.

*Sue Horncastle*

# Generosity

|   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>Generosity and kindness<br/> Events of giving gifts<br/> Never counting the cost<br/> Ending of death and error<br/> Reaching inside to give of yourself<br/> Opening your heart to others<br/> Simple acts of charity<br/> Inspiring others<br/> Testing of ideals<br/> Yearning to share</p> <p><i>Sue Horncastle</i></p>  | <p>Give<br/> Endlessly<br/> Never expecting in return<br/> Endeavouring not to<br/> Reject the<br/> Objectivity of those in need<br/> Sincerity will become a vital part<br/> In securing<br/> To your utmost best<br/> Your benevolence</p> <p><i>Mark Crittenden</i></p> |
| <p>They say charity begins at home and so it does. You have to be kind to yourself and love yourself and be generous to yourself. After all you deserve to be treated well and the people around you will act accordingly. Then you can be generous to others. Generous with your love, your kindness, sharing what you have with those nearest and dearest, so no-one feels a lack of anything. For the world is overflowing with great things to sustain us and keep us healthy, wealthy and happy.</p> <p><i>Su Butchers</i></p> | <p><b>Hair to Share</b></p> <p>Warm, soft, full<br/> Generous as an open fire<br/> Generous as the open sun<br/> Lovely to stroke, hold<br/> Bury my fingertips in<br/> Beautiful<br/> Hair to share</p> <p><i>'Yoro'</i></p>  |

# December

| Monday | Tuesday | Wednesday | Thursday | Friday | Saturday | Sunday |
|--------|---------|-----------|----------|--------|----------|--------|
| 31     |         |           |          |        | 1        | 2      |
| 3      | 4       | 5         | 6        | 7      | 8        | 9      |
| 10     | 11      | 12        | 13       | 14     | 15       | 16     |
| 17     | 18      | 19        | 20       | 21     | 22       | 23     |
| 24     | 25      | 26        | 27       | 28     | 29       | 30     |

### **Fruit of Her Life**

In the spring of her life  
She had lived with the generosity,  
Of childhood. Blossoming into  
Adolescence with buttercups  
In her flowing brown hair.

In the summer of her life  
She had lived with trust; often  
Rewarded, sometimes misplaced.  
Blooming into motherhood  
With flour in her tied back hair.

In the autumn of her life  
She had lived with gratitude  
For the blessings bestowed  
Maturing with wisdom  
Grey streaks in set auburn hair.

Now in the winter of her life  
She lived quietly with patience  
For the Lord to call her home  
Reclining in her green armchair  
Soft white snow in her thinning hair.

*Jan Hedger*

### **Living Well**

To use the talents that I've got  
And share the gift of words I love  
Live abundantly, there's enough  
Throw myself in the melting pot

Always giving it my best shot  
Remember that I'm Heaven sent  
To give people encouragement  
My mission is to help, not harm  
Transforming anger into calm  
My energy must be well-spent

*Ashley Jordan*

Generosity is a very special thing to do by giving to charity and helping other people in need, for sick children and adults.

Friends are special people who are there for you when you need help with anything and when you are lonely.

*Maria Gethin*

To live with open hands and heart  
Sharing freely, not counting the cost  
Practising the art of abundance  
In our daily lives

It seems to come easiest  
To people who don't have much  
But who understand the value  
Of giving their time,  
A kind word or a smile  
Offering a lift to someone in need

This world gives us many opportunities  
To be generous - and  
It is up to us to take them.

*Ashley Jordan*

I'd like to say a huge thank you to my mum and dad, (otherwise known as Grandma and Grandpa) for their generosity in getting my girls rooms redecorated and paying for everything.

I know they will probably howl with laughter when they read this, but without them nothing would have been done.

I did enjoy doing the painting and seeing how everything has come together so well.

They now both have rooms they can be happy to take their friends up to.

It's a shame we couldn't find a chest of drawers to replace Chloe's rickety ones (don't mention the drawer!)

Your generosity has definitely paid off. Bank of Grandma and Grandpa. Here's to the rest of the house. Haa, Haa.

*Debbie Feltz*

At this conclusion of 2012  
we say goodbye to another year  
and another GROW calendar.  
We hope you have enjoyed and  
taken to heart our inspirational words  
and carry them with you; with  
a Generosity of Spirit into 2013

*Jan Hedger*